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SARATOGA

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

J. E. McQUAIN, M. D.

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SARATOGA

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

JOHN E. McQUAIN

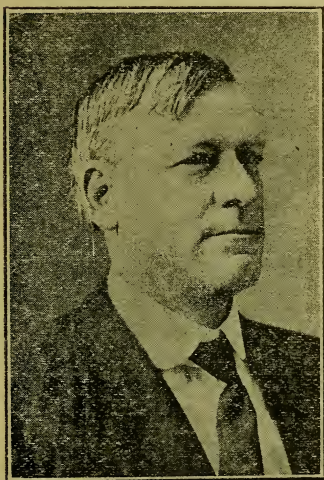
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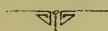


J. E. McQuain, M. D.



1870-1871

DEDICATION



Were we but endowed
With Homeric gift divine,
We would these heroes' deeds flow down
The enduring tide of time.

To Columbia's valiant sons
In whose hearts they'll ever live,
Who will honor her, as they have done,
We do this volume give.

THE JOURNAL

A JOURNAL OF THE
PROGRESS OF THE
SCIENCE OF THE
ARTS AND MANUFACTURES
IN THE UNITED STATES

EDITED BY
JAMES C. SMITH
OF THE
BUREAU OF THE
CENSUS

SARATOGA



A TRIBUTE TO OUR SOLDIER AND OUR FLAG



Huge jets of flame the height enwrapped
Where British batteries stood,
The expansive sward that lay beyond,
Was drenched in human blood.

In continuous terrific roar,
Came thunders from the height,
As on our men death's missiles pour
Like meteors in their flight.

Morgan and his troops contend,
Charge after charge they tried,
Facing this volcanic death
To turn the impetuous tide.

They to the field like tigers clung
In smoke and flame immersed,
But ere long were driven back
Disheartened and dispersed.

Brave Morgan contemplating did
His country's fate bemoan,
If Saratoga's field were lost
Our liberty was gone.

The British lion's defiant roar
Convulsed the hills around,
Our proud Eagle from his lofty flight
Was slowly settling down.

Great Britain's flag triumphant waved
To victory her drums did beat,
The Stars and Stripes, somber clouds
Were enfolding in defeat.

As freedom's Star was bedimmed
In Cimmerian mist enveiled,
A horse and rider dust begrimed
Came thundering on the field.

Our soldiers' sinking courage rose
In chorus loud and long,
As Stillwater's genius appeared
Like a specter in the throng.

As he his foaming courser reined
That bore him like the wind
One look at that heroic pair
"Were worth a thousand men."

Stillwater, Valcour, Ticonderoga and Quebec
Rose in their vision then,
As well the raging Kenebec
Where he'd led on his men.

With determination grim and bold
The day's destiny to steer,
Like a maddening wave his courage rose
With judgment calm and clear.

Foward was his stern command,
All to which gave heed,
A charge began by one and all
With Arnold in the lead.

Like an avalanche he led them on
Where the battlements they hit,
Was Hell's furnace in comparison
A feebly blazing pit.

Was out the flaming cannons' mouths
Death pouring full and fast,
As if all Inferno's fiends
Were joining in the blast.

Shot and shell on them poured
In one incessant storm,
The height was scaled the ramparts cleared,
The final test was on.

Arnold towering amid the scene
To stay the deadly storm,
Achilles did on Ilion's plain
No greater deeds perform.

In this carnage of blood and death
Fighting hand to hand,
The courage with which he did his men endue
No mortals could withstand.

Hurling his men upon the foe,
In thickest of the fray,
Was Morgan of the riflemen
The Hector of the day.

Greece or Rome could never claim
A more heroic soul,
Or one by nature more endowed
To lead men to their goal.

His sword did round his majestic head
In fiery circles wave,
Inspiring his men to follow him,
Our country there to save.

They onward went with deadly rush
Naught could their valor stay,
Like maddened lions in jungle wild
Bounding on their prey.

Britains there like demons fought
Their stern courage would not yield,
Till all who met that rolling tide
Were engulfed upon the field.

Arnold o'er the ensanguined plain
His conquering host led on,
As his noble steed in death went down
Was Sarataga won.

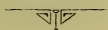
Here we threw off oppression's yoke—
The tyrant's hand did stay,
And they to whom were victory due
Crowned heroes on that day.

The Western wave of ebbing day
 Rolled o'er a new born world,
 Where freedom's gentle zephyrs blew
 The Stars and Stripes unfurled

France can boast of Lodi's Bridge
 And Scotland sing of Bannockburn,
 England consolation draw
 From the bloody waters of the Boyne
 With the reverence Mussulmen face the East to pray
 We can to Saratoga turn,
 Whence Liberty on unpinioned wings
 Soared triumphant o'er the world.



ARNOLD



We should weigh his acts unto themselves
 And estimate results,
 If on freedom's side the balance falls
 A just reward shou'd give.

We think of him with distrust
 In song his execration sing,
 Had he not come to that fateful field
 We'd be vassals of a king.

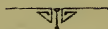
On his misdeed we ever think,
 And it impart to girl and boy,
 Whilst unbounded blessings from
 His achievement we enjoy.

He our independence won
Where on Saratoga's field he'd striven,
To recompense the good he's done
His sin can be forgiven.

The good he did will always live
The bad entombed will lie
In Oblivion's dark abyss
To wither and to die.



TO OUR FLAG



To you, Our Flag, the Nation's pride,
We owe a sacred duty,
We this day our armor gird
In honor of your beauty.

You inspire us to heroic deeds
By your full radiant flushes,
You lull our little babes to sleep
With your most gentle swishes.

The liberty we now enjoy
You were a gracious donor,
With our might on land and sea
We will uphold the honor.

If foreign foe invade our shore
In efforts to eject you,
Our Boys of The Mountain State
Will rally and protect you.

The love between us is too strong
For alien hands to sever,
You and our country we'll defend;
May both endure forever.

England, France and Russia beckon you
Across the Atlantic waves to come
And join them in a requiem
Around the tyrant's tomb.

That these people may Independence have
The oppressor in his vault be laid,
The Goddess Liberty on celestial wings
Will bear you to their aid.

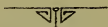
Will Our Nation sing the dirge
Bearing you in her hand,
With Freedom's roses will bestrew
A foreign distant land.

Wave on, Old Glory, wave!
Accept a Nation's blessing,
If we die in freedom's cause
We will be you caressing.

Born amid the cannons' mighty roar
Where victory perched upon us,
There to you a pledge was made,
We will redeem that promise.

When the Dove of Peace will have hovered down
O'er the ghastly scene of battle's orgie,
We no dishonor will have been
To your sires at Saratoga.

TO DUKE



MY FAITHFUL SCOTCH COLLIE

I cared for you when a playful pup
And as you grew from year to year,
Your memory is cherished in the heart
Of one you loved while here.

If transmigration's thought were true,
As by its votaries stated,
I could have perceived in you
A sage re-incarnated.

Be this as it may, it did not impair
Your personal equation,
Or the reverence you will ever hold
In my admiration.

Your thoughts could I in only part discern
Conveyed in act and feature,
But many a lesson did I learn
From your most kindly nature,

Companions true were you and I
Love with association blended,
By destiny's unchanging law
Our comradeship is ended.

You rest within a verdant spot
Beneath my favorite tree;
Friendship's ties, death does not break
Between yourself and me.

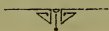
I lay this wreath upon your grave,
A tribute of my love to thee;
If conditions were reversed
You would do the same for me.

Sleep on, dear Duke; it is ordained
This to be your lot,
Every year a rose will come;
You will not be forgot.

If my sins can forgiven be,
I for the future fitted,
What will be your destiny
Who has no sin committed?

If nature's law has designed
A future life for me,
I am convinced beyond a doubt,
It will grant the same to thee.

BLENDÉD BLUE AND GRAY



He sleeps on the highland's famous knoll,
Who will ever honored by his country be,
Beneath his tomb the Hudson's waters roll
Coursing onward to the sea.

He had for mankind unbounded love;
For foe entertained no sordid hate;
From his life reflected was
The magnanimity of the great.

Laid to rest amid the cannons' roar,
Whilst a Nation's flowers did bestrew
The sepulcher of the Chieftain Great,
Who had adorned the Blue.

On Lexington's expansive rise
The South's immortal hero lies,
Who would have graced great Caesar's throne
With honors to the state of Rome;
Have led her legions on the field
Whence sword and javelin resound their steel,
Within the councils of her state
Would have been as equally great;
And would have shared her people's love
Equally with immortal Jove.

From time it was ordained by destine
To have created none like he;
Who could for his great ideal stand
Adverse to his motherland;
War for it; it be lost,
And leave ever in her heart engrossed
A love, which she only gave
To her heroic just and brave;
And him confer great honors on,
Proud to proclaim him still her son.

Now all patriotic countries brave
To the wind their flags do wave,
We hear the call to war resound
Throughout the nations all around,
Within our own reverberate
The memories of the good and great;
And we a nation's tribute pay
To this valiant hero of the Gray.

From death's domain their spirits rise
High o'er our nation's citadel,
(With Stars and Bars forever furled)
In unison our flag embrace
And wave it to the world.

These heroic souls that once were foes
Now their mutual love emotions sway
In but a single form appear,
And blend the Blue and Gray.

The old soldiers of the North and South
Who patriotic fervor sway,
Forego dissensions of the past
And blend the Blue and Gray.

Britain's lion roused from his lair
With rage, convulsed his waving mane,
Makes valor with the Russian bear,
World freedom to attain.

From sun-kissed France her eagles rise
On supernal wings to speed
In the cerulean dome to meet
Our bird of kindred breed.

These patriarchs of air and earth assemble
And pronounce in martial lay
Their patriotism for the cause
That blend the Blue and Gray.

Liberty in darkness veiled at Waterloo
Shone brightly on the Marne,
Where the sons of France, with effort brave,
The tyrant's course did turn.

That day Napoleon's star in splendor rose
To guide them in their way,
Did within its halo there embrace
The blended Blue and Gray.

When republics will have o'erspread the world,—
Kings and monarchs passed away,—
The Corsican will ever live in union with
The blended Blue and Gray.

The Mentor of the Isle and Great Sarpeden of the Marne,
With the Nestor of our day,
In solemn conclave have adorned
The blended Blue and Gray.

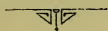
Clouds are hovering nations o'er
 High in deep embankments lay,
 Amidst the sable mass war's vultures soar
 Searching out their prey.

These somber demons of the heavens, we see,
 Cannot the onward course of freedom stay;
 Since the immortal shades of Grant and Lee,
 Have blended Blue and Gray.

Where Old Glory whirls her radiant folds
 Will freedom ever stay;
 Scintillations from her stars will honor Thee,
 The blended Blue and Gray.



NAPOLEAN VINDICATED



Where ocean's breezes ebb and flow
 On Corsica's virescent lawn,
 There did upon his presence glow
 Life's sweet radiant dawn.

Where mountains towered o'er sapphirine streams
 Whilst plunging on their way
 He'd reminisce past heroes deeds
 And with youthful ardor play.

When great ideas did his mind possess,
 He in solitude would stroll,
 And from out a grotto o'er the sea
 Observe its breakers roll.

These fulminations of the deep
Were but portentous of the storm
Assembling over Europe then
His career in life to form.

Homer, his companion was
Inspiring in martial praise
The valor of Great Ilion
In its heroic days.

Of influences that inure to good
There are none like Homer's pen
That have played the great dramatic role
In formation of great men.

Careful study of his Iliad,
If there be within a germ to sprout,
Will vitalize its energies
And invite its genius out.

Troy's proud towers sublimely rise
Within his youthful ken,
Where armies fold in death's embrace
Upon its virid plain.

Nestor's prudent councils wise
Endued his manly heart
With that love for justice, which in his life
Bore such a noble part.

He, first the rule did formulate
To esteem men for their worth,
And recognition merit give
Regardless of its birth.

He, whilst Europe's Kings its soil immersed
In blood from sea to sea,
Like the Alpine Range, in splendor stood
The bulwark of the free.

He assailed oppression's citadel,
Round it his energies deployed;
He rased to earth its barbicans,
Its bastions then destroyed.

With its defenses swept away
By fury of his storm,
Has only had existence since
In a decadent form.

He energizes Europe now,
As when upon this earth,
His genius incarnated there
Is risen in new birth

Where its rock-bound shores in grandeur break
The surging billows of the sea,
A voice from St. Helena calls,
The world will soon be free.

Those who tried his precepts to immure
(Britain, Turk, the Teuton and the Slav,)
In hemal tide on Europe's field
Now retribution give.

These Nations for their infamies
On sanguine soils now pay
Retributive justice unto him,
As well, the blood of Marshal Ney.

Refusing then to tolerate
The sublime ideals of his life,
They must now the odium bear
Of this ensanguined strife.

He in France enthroned Astraea,*
From whom his spirit flows
An incessant stream of liberty
For all his former foes.

Will they in attaining this sweet legacy
Contribute many million lives
In expiation of their perfidy
E'er she this blessing gives.

Those great potencies of government
Which had slept since Eden's dawn,
He awakened in dynamic force
Their functions to perform.

Unceasingly they've onward flowed,
Their mission to perform,
Elba's Isle, Helena's Rock
Could not repress the storm.

The powers he in motion set
Swerve not from their course,
But will as ages roll along
Be gathering in new force.

Will they in republics rise
O'er all the now known world,
Where will proud freedom's ensign flow
The monarch's flag be furled!

*Astraea, the Goddess of Justice.

They will monitor to Nations be,
Who will ne'er from duty part
So long as reason guides the mind,
And justice sways the heart.

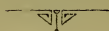
His Eagles aered amid the clouds
That have gathered Nations o'er,
Which they'll sunder with their pinions' sweep,
Will monarchs reign no more.

When their triumphant screams announce
That wrongs have been redressed,
Will a grateful people then arise
And acclaim his memory blessed.

His mortality is resolving dusts
Which crumbling in the coffin lie,
His work will everlasting be
The immortal can not die.

Embosomed in his beloved France,
His body lies in state
The world to him its homage pays
The Greatest of the Great.

CREED



Some think that God abounds in love;
Others say he's filled with strife;
But the real God that you adore
Is imaged in your life.

Are the phantoms which in your vision rise
But abstractions of the mind,
Whilst are Ethics rules that govern you
By nature's law designed.

He who only heaven in the future sees
Will live his life to suit;
And possess a heart within devoid
Malevolence of the brute.

Belief in hell's a ghastly ghost
Void of redeeming feature,
It drowns the noble impulse in the heart
And engenders evil nature.

Doing right influenced by fear
Never with joy the conscience thrills,
Seldom deters from evil act
And never a noble thought instills.

Fearing hell, the coward's way,
Of serving his creator,
Does not his approbation claim
And never grows you greater.

You cannot procure his love
With deceit or selfish whim;
If you justice do your fellowman
You do the same to him.

If honest purpose guide your life
It enables you in duty seeing
Whatever you to others do,
You instill in your own being.

Loving good for its own sake
Inspires to thought and act sublime;
And develops you a being real,
Grand, noble and divine.

What for man the future is,
Is beyond our province to foretell;
But we'd rather in Oblivion sleep
Than one soul endure in hell.

We have no future woes for fellowman;
But sincerely believe that he
Will be happy in the Great Beyond,
Whatever that may be.

Within yourself reliance place
For victories to be won,
Then like a man accept your dues
For duties nobly done.

If you wrongs to others do
By act or thought expressed,
You can no remission have
Until they are redressed.

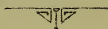
Has it ever been the unbending rule
Laid down in nature's laws,
The effect will stern exaction claim
Of justice from the cause.

To destiny's unchanging law
Your conscience must awaken;
No repentance can there be,
But return what you have taken.

Sorrow and prayer will not avail
In attaining absolution;
For the evil done you must endure
Conscious retribution.



FRANCE AND JOFFRE

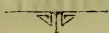


To you, dear France, we friendship give
In welcome to your noble son,
You helped us wreathe Fair Freedom's crown
And place it here upon.

When we were in our infant state
The Tyrant did our shore invade,
Like a mother to her babe you came
And gave us timely aid.

May your proud Eagles ever soar
In the azure vault above;
Accept from us for evermore
The effulgence of our love.

BARON DE KALB

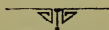


You, home and friends left behind
On storm rolled billows of the sea,
Did to our shore come,
Upholding freedom's banner where
On you the veil of death did fold
On Camden's fated plain.

You will ever be revered;
As a patriot none more pure,
Could you have only lived to enjoy the fruit
You labored to mature.

Our nation's tears, your grave bedew,
Encomiums from our hearts emerge,
Whilst Palmetto tunes the passing breeze
To a hero's sacred dirge.

IN MEMORIAM



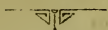
OF THE SOLDIERS OF THE REVOLUTION

Brave men in peaceful slumber rest—
Time can not your fame becloud;
A free country's your mausoleum,
Liberty is your shroud.

Pollen from your labors blown,
On foreign lands did light,
Have their spirit in full verdure grown
Oppression there to blight.

The magnolia of Atlantic's shore,
The flowing vine of the Pacific's calm,
Are above your graves entwined
With the hemlock and the palm.

APPEAL TO PATRIOTS



*Cease to consult, the time for action calls;
 War, horrid war, approaches to your walls!
 Assembled armies oft have I beheld;
 But ne'er till now such numbers charged a field:
 Thick, as autumnal leaves or drifting sand,
 The moving squadrons blacken all the strand.
 Then godlike Hector! all the force employ,
 Assemble all the united bands of Troy;
 In just array let every leader call
 The foreign troops: this day demands them all!*
 — Iliad.

“These are the times that try men's souls,”
 That test their feelings out
 Whether in them patriotic courage rolls
 Or they our enemies ensigns float.

They who aid our Nation's foe
 By act or word expressed,
 Would disrobe the dead at night
 And leave them lay undressed.

Those, who by intimation do
 Hostility to our cause declare,
 Would be denied respect in hell
 Were they to seek it there.

Even the devil a measure of honor has
 In mandate of his laws;
 He, loyalty to himself requires,
 Forbidding treachery to his cause.

If you pretend your God to serve
Whilst you are the devil's slave,
Your presence old Nick will not desire;
Your soul the Lord won't have.

The poor old Devil is greatly wronged
By traitors steeped in sin,
Who, having nowhere else to go
Against his will, he takes them in.

Those who'll not aid us in this fight
Ought not remain within our throng
But should join the Kaiser King
To whom they all belong.

We rather would the sword our heart transfix
Or bullets through our bosom plough,
Than that the spirit of seventy-six
Will be dishonored now.

Yorktown, Bunker Hill and Brandywine
Are calling now to you;
Monmouth's field and Lundy's Lane
Emerge within our view.

As we reminisce these hero's deeds,
Contending with their foes,
Amid Carolina's distant hills,
The defiant Game Cock* crows.

We see our country when it was
By foreign foes o'erspread;
The dark morasses of the South,
We hear the Swamp Fox† tread.

* General Sumpter.

† General Marion.

Through sable mists which our land enveil,
We perceive the Cow Pens' mead,
Where charge the sturdy riflemen
Brave Morgan in the lead.

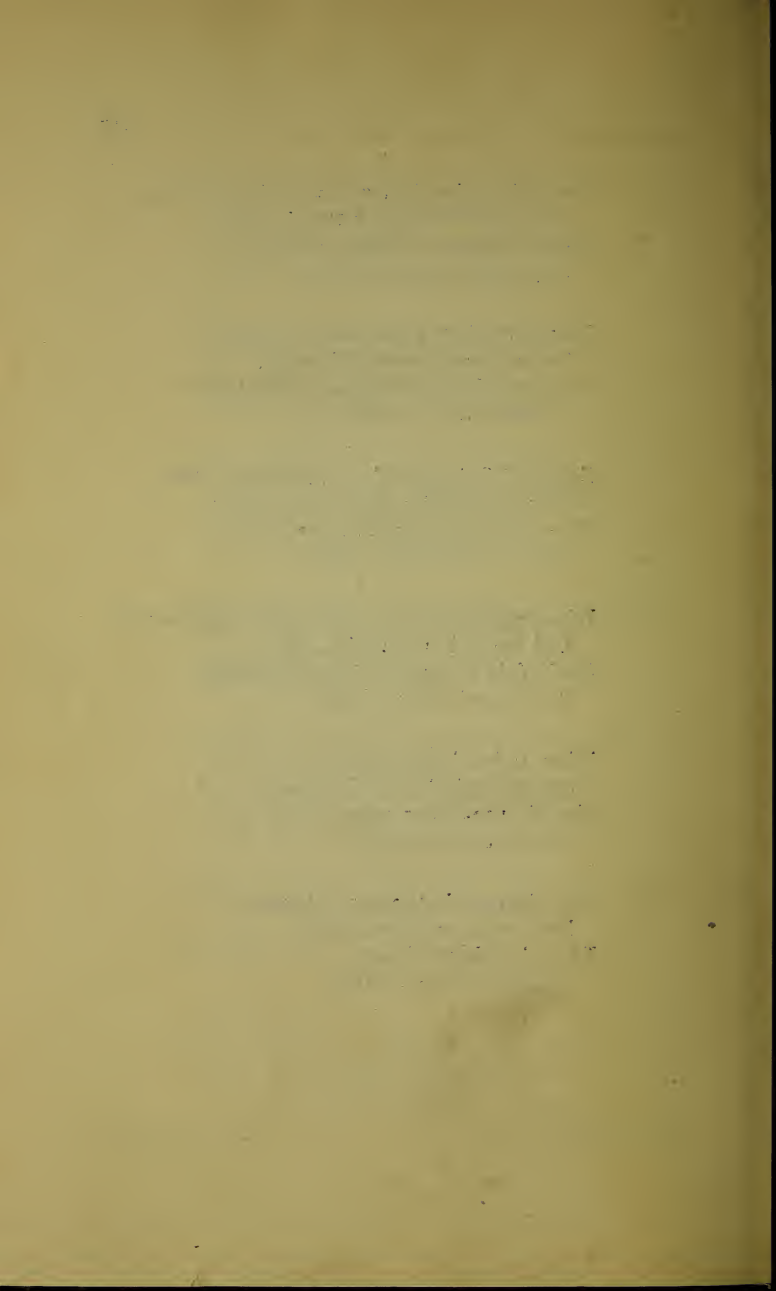
It our duty is to consummate the task
For us these heroes did begin;
We'll stand by our flag and President
A resplendent victory win.

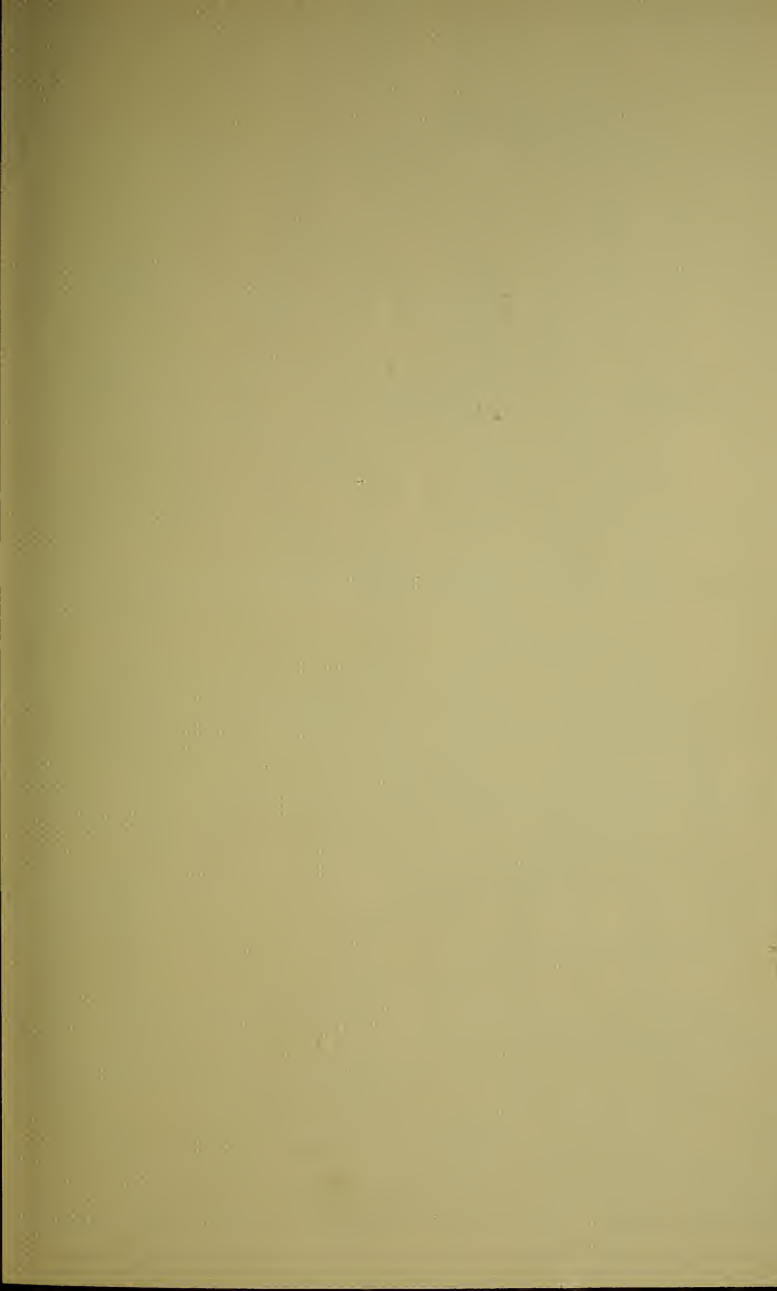
Ever will Old Glory flow her radiant folds
O'er our breadth of land and main;
We can like men admire her stars
And her protection claim.

When we unto her our duties have discharged
And are laid in peaceful rest,
She'll fold in sorrow o'er our graves;
By her we'll all be blest.

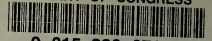
When to her heroic dead,
She has paid her kind respect,
She will unroll her astral robe,
The living to protect.

May she ever in the gentle breeze
Her loving anthems sing!
To be her devoted son
Is greater than a King!





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